Numb. 50.

The EXAMINER.

From Thursday *July* 5, to Thursday *July* 12, 1711.

——Neq; ſemper Arcum
Tendit Apollo.

IT ſometimes happens that I am either Sick, or Lazy, or Splenetick; and ſometimes perhaps, like other Authors of great Reputation, I am Dull by deſign. In ſuch unlucid Intervals it falls out, that three or four of my Papers are inferior to the reſt: However, the Credit of the former keeps them up a while, and even judicious People are often prejudiced for a Week or two in their favour; or perhaps are ſo candid to expect a better next time. But the majority of Readers go on with the ſame Appetite, whether the Paper be good or bad, 'till they are taught by their Betters what their Sentiments are to be. It thus fares between me and the *Medley*, who, tho' he hath been always ſo liberal with his Epithets, as if he had them by him ready Printed, and had nothing to do every Week but fill up the Blanks; yet, in one or two of his laſt Papers he has outdone himſelf, becauſe ſomebody has told him that the *Examiner* is grown dull. I fear they have told him Truth: And how can it be otherwiſe, when I am deſcended from animadverting upon the Corruptions in the late Adminiſtration, to be an Antagoniſt of his? I had hopes of giving ſome Diverſion to the Town and my ſelf, during this idle Seaſon of the Year, by expoſing the Follies of his Productions; but find I have been unhappily infected with the Stupidity I deſigned to ridicule. This *Medler* is the perfect Reverſe of Sir *John Falſtaffe*; he is not only Dull himſelf, but he is alſo the Cauſe that Dulneſs is in other Men. However, I think I have found out a way to read his Papers, from henceforward, without danger to my Underſtanding; and therefore I now give him notice, that I deſign to write with Wit and Spirit for ſome time; which otherwiſe he would hardly apprehend till about a Month hence.

He has injured me in ſaying, *I inſult Her Majeſty's Phyſicians*; I only repeat the Words of my Correſpondent: If the Q—— diſcards her preſent Phyſicians, he is at a loſs how we ſhall find *Tories* to ſupply their Places: *Becauſe*, he aſſures us, *the Tories are as great Quacks in Science as in Politicks.* If the Trial of Quackery muſt be determined by Skill in Politicks, I dare appeal to the Whig-Phyſicians themſelves to decide which are the Quacks; and whether the *Tories* of the Faculty have not made much better Prognoſticks upon the Body-Politick, by chooſing to adhere to the preſent Mini-y.

And if Reſpect to the Q——'s Perſon be the Queſtion, the *Medley* ſure is not well in his Wits, to revive the Memory of that Defect for which ſome of his Party have been famous. Suppoſe him really Ignorant, upon never ſo little recollection of any of his Friends, he may quickly be informed which Side have the beſt pretence that way to Favour; ſince this Writer, and I am glad to find it, can admit Reverence and Duty to Her Majeſty, are, though late, come to be conſidered as a ſort of Merit.

Methinks this Perſon, who will be my Friend whether I will no, puts himſelf and me to much more trouble than he needs: If he would fairly cavil with me, Paper by Paper, and then have done, there might be ſome hopes; but without end I am to be perpetually worried and puniſhed this Month for the Sins of the laſt; ſo that it is not properly *this Medley contra that Examiner*, but every *Medley* againſt all the *Examiners*: When he ſeems this Week to ſay all that his little Invention and Spight can ſupply, and I may ſafely conclude he has exhauſted the Subject, he returns, when I leaſt dream of him, with ſtale Malice and double Dulneſs, to empty that Quiver which he has filled with Arrows from Abroad: But when his mercileſs Auxiliaries are withdrawn, ſome to Pleaſure; others to Debate how to retrieve by Caballing what they loſt by ill Conduct; or are amuſed by Fawning at Court; or diſabled by the Diſorders of a broken Conſtitution, this harmleſs Perſon abates very much of the Poignancy of his Satyr.

Whilſt I was thus reflecting upon this famous *Monitor*, my Printer brought me ſeveral Letters, but not all of them wrote by my ſelf to the *Examiner*, as the Sagacious *Medley* ſuggeſts; with his humble Advice, That it would not be amiſs to Print more frequently thoſe Letters I daily receive; his old way of judging of the Goodneſs by the Sale, made him extol that Paper, wherein I had lately oblig'd ſo many of my Correſpondents, proteſting, that ſince the *Roman* Triumph, or what he calls the *Laurel Crown* and *Marcus Craſſus*, he had not had a greater Call for any particular *Examiner*: The Reaſon ſeem'd plain, the underhand Endeavours of my Fellow-Writers have ſucceeded; the concurrent Intereſt of many Authors muſt be much more prevailing than that of one; in Conſideration of which, I reſolved upon that eaſy Method of filling up a Paper, and at the ſame time obliging a Friend.

The firſt Letter complains with Juſtice of the great neglect I have been guilty of, in letting the *Medley* boaſt himſelf ſo long upon the Clauſe in the *Act of Indemnity*, relating to the Receivers of the Revenue: He exhorts me to read carefully the Act at length, where he aſſures me I ſhall find the requiſite Sanction included, though couched in other Terms; from whence he infers, that whatever Cunning was requiſite to the drawing up the ſaid Act, he needs not be a *Volpone* to diſcover the Intent. Begs me to take this Matter into Examination, which I promiſe him ſhortly to do, though to the abolithing my Antagoniſts witty Advertiſement, and confirming my own Opinion, that a Cunning Knave will ſooner commit a hundred Crimes (though of as black a dye) that come within a Hairs breadth of the Gallows; than one clumſy one, by which he may be made to mount it.

The ſecond Letter is of that length that I am ſorry it cannot be inſerted here: I find it ſo ingenious, that I do not think fit to abridge it: The Gentleman treats, with a deſcription very delicate, of the Art of Courts, or the means by which treacherous Enemies are to a Miracle transform'd into faithful Friends, profeſs'd Admirers, and moſt obſequious Flatterers; with the great Secret how to overcome that ſcrupulous Modeſty which deters ſome few from imitating the reſt, and embracing with open Arms thoſe whom, heretofore, they would have deſtroy'd.

A Third

A Third draws up a very pathetick Repreſentation of the Hardſhips inflicted upon a Reverend Divine, late Chaplain of *Morden* College upon *Black Heath*, for no other Reaſon but his being an honeſt *Tory*, and truly Orthodox: And really the Management ſeems ſo unfair, that if, upon an exact Enquiry, I find the Facts to be true; ſuch as their letting part of the ſaid College to a Coffee-Houſe, reducing the Number of Twenty decayed Merchants to Twelve, and thoſe Diſſenters, though the Founder oblig'd his Truſtees to no ſuch Limitation; aſſigning Twenty Pound a Year for each Perſon, which is alſo reduc'd to Twelve Pound *per Annum:* If, I ſay, theſe Facts prove true, I ſhall not fail to take a proper time to ſet them in the beſt Lights I am able.

A Fifth, with gilt Paper, neat Wax, and under Cover, dates his Remonſtrance from the Drawing-Room, and in a courtly Style, which I am not Polite enough to imitate, ſets forth the Viciſſitude of Human Things, the change of Manners and Faſhion; ſeems with Pleaſure, yet Regret, to call to Memory an Age, wherein poſſibly himſelf might flouriſh, in which the Modes that now obtain, would not have been endured: In ſhort, he appears extremely ſhocked at the Conduct of two *Great Ladies*, who took the Liberty to behave themſelves in the Q——n's Preſence, before a full Court, as if they had been at Eaſe in their own *Ruels*, with none but inferior Perſons about them. Reverence, Diſtinction, Decency, were made only for little People, theſe Ladies are above the Punctilio of Laws and Cuſtoms: Their own Charms, the Merit of their Anceſtors, their Gratitude, Greatneſs of Soul, Reſpect, and Duty to their Sovereign, may ſupport Irregularity in their Poſterity.

I hope the *Medley* will allow theſe Paſſages may have been extracted out of *real* Letters, ſince I could as well have produced them for my own: Be that as it will, I am glad he allows me to keep ſo good a Correſpondence with my ſelf. His Cenſure, if it be true, amounts to no more than this, that I am ſo far from being obliged to others for my Matter, as to be forced to Father my own upon thoſe who will pleaſe to accept it; wherein I differ as much from him, as one who ſteals Mony into his Neighbour's Pocket, does from a Rogue who picks it out.

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